

*Corrected  
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(FINAL DRAFT)

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1940

4:30 - 5:00 P.M. PST  
7:30 - 8:00 P.M. PST

*Program # 34*

ELMER: (KNOCKS) S'pose you're all smoking Camel Cigarettes,  
I hope, I hope, I hope.....

MUSIC: (THEME...FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL: The AL PEARCE SHOW, presented by CAMEL, -- the  
slower-burning cigarette that gives you more flavor, more  
mildness, and less nicotine in the smoke -- twenty-eight  
per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other  
of the largest-selling brands tested.

MUSIC: (THEME...UP...THEN FADE TO WENDELL NILES)

WENDELL: ~~And now, the makers of CAMEL CIGARETTES,~~ brings you  
AL PEARCE and His Gang from Hollywood!

MUSIC: (THEME...UP TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Good evening, all, and thank you for that mighty burst of applause. Well, the Gang is all worn out from Christmas shopping, but nevertheless, they're all here tonight. There's Elmer Blurt, Raymond Radcliffe, Could-Be Kitzel -- but -- wait a minute -- where's Carl Hoff?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CARL: (BURSTING IN) Merry Christmas everybody! Egads but am I a happy man! I finally bought my girl her Christmas present!!

AL: Thank Heaven's...I was getting pretty sick of hearing bathrobes -- bedroom slippers -- hairnets.

CARL: The package was just delivered to her, and now I got to send her a card. Help me write something, will you, Al?

AL: Okay!

CARL: Well, to begin with -- how do you spell SNOOKIE-POOKIE?

AL: Snookie-Pookie? Is that what you call her?

CARL: No, that's what she calls me! I call her Daddums Little Tweedum Boo-Boo!

AL: Well, that's more like it!

CARL: Yeh -- she wanted me to call her Daddum's Little Tweedum  
Cuddles Sugar-Cookie -- but that sounds silly!

AL: What did you get for her, Carl?

CARL: I got her a genuine fur scarf to wear around her neck!

AL: What kind of fur is it?

CARL: It was pretty expensive, I think it must be gopher!

AL: Gopher isn't expensive!

CARL: Well, I sure had to go in the hole for it!  
I can hardly wait for her to get the package and open it!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP

AL: Hello, Pearce speaking!

BRAYTON: Is Snookie-Pookie there?

AL: Here, Snookie -- it's for you!

CARL: Oh, boy -- give me that phone. Hello Daddum's Little  
Tweedum Boo-Boo!

BRAYTON: Carly dear -- when you come over tonight -- will you bring  
a net?

CARL: Bring a net? What for?

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BRAYTON: That expensive fur piece you gave me -- just jumped off  
the hook and chased the neighbor's cat down the alley!

SOUND: PHONE BANGS UP

AL: Well, Carl -- how did she like it? What did she say?  
-- Is she happy? Well -- don't stand there like a  
dummy -- Speak up -- say something!

CARL: (DEAD PAN) Okay -- Bathrobes -- bedroom slippers --  
hot water bottles -- hairnets -- (TAKE AWAY WITH OPENING  
BAND NUMBER)

ORCHESTRA:

"THE KISS"

WENDELL: No one has to call our attention to the fact that there are but a few days left to do our Christmas shopping, but I do want to call your attention to something that few people have realized and that is that, in a cigarette, the smoke's the thing. Yes, the smoke's the thing! All cigarettes may look pretty much alike -- but you don't get the difference until you light them...until you smoke them. That's why a group of independent research scientists, in a new series of cigarette comparisons, tested the actual smoke itself. They compared ~~the~~ five<sup>of the</sup> largest-selling brands ~~-- the brands that eight out of ten of you are smoking right now.~~ And they found a remarkable difference between Camels and these other brands. They found that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the other four largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them. So you see, Camels and their slower way of burning give you not only more flavor in your smoke but more mildness, too, and less nicotine. Get a package of Camels and smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Friends -- tonight we present a new department devoted to "THE FORGOTTEN MAN." In the hustle and bustle of Christmas shopping, we are all apt to forget the men behind the scenes so I'd like to introduce a man who thinks of everybody else -- but when it's all over nobody thinks of him -- here he is -- SANTA CLAUS himself!

RAYMOND: Gweetings and Mewwy Cwismas!

AL: Welcome to our program, Santa Claus!

RAYMOND: I'm gwad to be here, Mister Pearwuss,..,and to show my appweeciation, I'd wike to pwesent you with this beautiful silk tie. It's the waytest thing out,

AL: Say, that is a lovely tie -- but look -- there's a caterpillar crawling along the edge of it!

RAYMOND: I told you it was the waytest thing out. That's a silk-worm. He's not finished making it yet!

CARL: Santa Claus, I'd like to ask you a question!

RAYMOND: Speak wight up, Snookie-Pookie.

CARL: I sent my girl friend a fur neck piece. Do you know anything about it?

RAYMOND: Yes. It went that way! Are there any other questions?

WENDELL: Yes, Santa, do you really live up north where they have those -- what do you call 'em -- northern lights?

RAYMOND: That Awowa Boweawis!

AL: It's what?

RAYMOND: It's Awoawa Bowey -- A Bowey-Wowey -- A bowowo-Oey --  
Are there any more questions?

AL: Well, tell us, Santa -- what is the most interesting  
experience you've ever had!

RAYMOND: I'll never forget the time I arrived one Christmas Eve at  
the home of a wittle Dutch Girl!

AL: A little Dutch Girl.

RAYMOND: Yes, I bwought her a pair of shoes. And when she saw  
the shoes she offered to kiss me!

AL: Wooden shoes!

RAYMOND: Of course I did. Wooden Shoes???????

AL: Well, Santa, there's just one more thing -- as long as I  
can remember, you've been visiting homes all over the  
United States, in fact, all over the world, and you've  
climbed down millions and millions of chimneys at  
exactly midnight on Christmas Eve. Now, confidentially,  
Santa, how in the world did you ever manage to do it?

RAYMOND: (PAUSE) Mr. Pearce, it wasn't easy!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL:

Edythe Wray of Radio Station WRNL, Richmond, Virginia is our guest tonight. This little lady was just recently voted the Radio Queen of the South in a contest conducted by the International Radio Club and the Miami Beach Hotel Association in Miami Beach, Florida. This is her first trip to Hollywood and her first transcontinental broadcast.

*First broadcast*

Edythe, we have received wires from Mayor John Levi of Miami; Steve Hannigan, Tom J. Pancoast, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Jack Rice, President of the International Radio Club; Joe Capps, Publicity Director; Fred Rossner, President of the Miami Beach Hotel Association; and Roger Edward Davis, Chairman of the Judges' Committee and United States Commissioner, all pulling for your success on this broadcast.

Friends, here is a Hollywood welcome to Edythe Wray singing "The Same Old Story."

ORCHESTRA AND EDYTHE WRAY:

"THE SAME OLD STORY"

51459 1207



AL: And now, ladies and gentlemen -- back to the forgotten Man. Tonight, our roving reporter, Dick Lane, is out among the Christmas shoppers and he is just about to interview another man that we all forget. Take it away, Dick Lane!

DICK: Thank you, Al, and good evening ladies and gentlemen. Here we are in the Free Parking Lot back of Yorty's Department Store -- where we are about to interview a man who really works during the Busy Shopping Season -- and I mean -- the parking lot attendant -- Are you very busy young man?

KITZEL: Mnnnnnyeah, could be!

DICK: This young man is Mister Kitzel. Say hello to our listeners, Mister Kitzel.

KITZEL: Okay. Hello, to our listeners, Mister Kitzel! After this I'll think of my own lines!

DICK: Mister Kitzel, how long have you been working in Yorty's Parking Lot?

KITZEL: Now, let me see -- how shall I tell it to you. The Market crashed in twenty-nine. My little nephoo was born in the spring of -- No, wait -- U.S.C. played in the Rose Bowl in '38 and '39 -- Lillian Russell --

DICK: Well?

KITZEL: I started yesterday!

DICK: Mister Kitzel -- please. We're on the air! We have listeners!

KITZEL: Name one!

DICK: Mister Kitzel -- tell us what are the requirements of a first-class parking lot attendant at Yorty's.

KITZEL: To be a first-class parking lot attendant at Yorty's you must be fearless, brave and bold--- courteous, watchful and vigilant, careful, meticulous, and prepossessing -- you must be intelligent, resourceful, and alert on all occasions -- and last but not least --

DICK: What??

KITZEL: You must be related to Mister Yorty!

DICK: Don't you have to know how to drive a car?

KITZEL: What? And ruin a good parking lot attendant?

DICK: I suppose that would rob a man of his perspicacity and his individuality!

KITZEL: That's right -- it robs him of his perspi -- his perspi -- and his ----- IT DOES???????????

DICK: Never mind. But I am sure that when driving these cars you must be very, very careful.

KITZEL: You said it my little man. You've probably noticed in some parking lots they wrinkle up a fender and make your car look lopsided.

DICK: Yes, I have.

KITZEL: We don't do that. We keep your car in perfect balance by crashing both fenders!

DICK: Is that all you boys do --- crash fenders?

KITZEL: Oh, my, no -- heaven forbid. After our first day we start specializing -- Our Mister Filch over there is a radiator and hood man. Our Mister Jenkins is a left running-board, and our Mister Gherkin is a rear axle --

DICK: And what are you?

KITZEL: I'm a turtle-back!

DICK: Good for you!

KITZEL: And don't repeat it around the other boys -- but I've got three hundred points toward my merit badge for gear-stripping.

DICK: Oh, happy you!

KITZEL: OH, HAPPY, HAPPY ME!

DICK: Would you mind giving us a demonstration of just how you park a car?

51459 1210

KITZEL: Would I? Ha. Ha. Stick around my good man, and you'll see what I call a bang-up job! Do you mind if I use your car?'

DICK: Well, this car happens to belong to Al Pearce -- but go right ahead.

KITZEL: Mmmmmmm -- Mister Pearce's car -- what a beautiful car -- I wonder if it's paid for!

DICK: Go ahead -- jump in and back into one of the stalls!

KITZEL: Okay -- here goes!

SOUND: MOTOR STARTS...RACING OF ENGINE...CAR ROARS AWAY...AND  
THEN CRASH IT BIG!

KITZEL: Oh, darn!

DICK: What's the matter?

KITZEL: I'm afraid the Parking Lot Captain saw me -- and I cheated!

DICK: You cheated? What do you mean?

KITZEL: I kept one hand on the steering wheel!

DICK: Thank you, Mister Kitze! for that bang-up demonstration! Take it away, Al Pearce!

AL: Oh, no -- call the junkman and take it away yourself!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

AL: A lot of you folks might remember about two years ago a young tenor by the name of Everett West who made such a hit on our program Well, he's here with us tonight and is going to sing "Dark Eyes."

ORCHESTRA: "DARK EYES" EVERETT WEST

AL:

*Pearce & plow  
only*  
About two years ago we had a young tenor on our show who made a tremendous hit. He's visiting in Hollywood for the Christmas season -- and I invited him to join the show tonight and sing "Dark Eyes." Okay, Everett.

ORCHESTRA AND EVERETT WEST: "DARK EYES"

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL SKYROCKET...FADE TO WENDELL)

WENDELL: In a cigarette, the smoke's the thing. And the grand thing about smoking Camels is that you know you're getting smoking pleasure at its best -- all the flavor of costlier tobaccos -- the extra coolness, and extra mildness of Camel's slower way of burning. And -- you have the assurance of modern science that you're getting less nicotine in the smoke.

MAN: Independent scientific tests show that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them,

WENDELL: And by the way -- if you have any smokers on your last-minute Christmas list, remember them well -- with Camels. Dealers are featuring two special gift packages of Camels. There's the Camel carton in a handsome blue Christmas wrapper, complete with gift card. There are also four boxes of Camel flat fifties all done in a red cardboard Christmas house. Each package contains two hundred Camels...the slower-burning cigarette that gives more flavor, more mildness, and less nicotine in the smoke.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL CURTAIN)

WENDELL: Speaking of Forgotten Men -- it's about time we heard from our friend Elmer Blurt, the world's greatest low-pressure salesman! Elmer is still trying desperately to make a little Christmas money -- so today we find him going from door-to-door selling flowers to decorate the Christmas table! Good luck, Elmer! I hope you make a lot of money.

ELMER: Oh, gosh -- (SHIVERING NOISE, THEN COUGHING) Oh, gosh -- I hope I can sell some of my Christmas flowers tonight, I hope -- I hope -- I hope! It sure is freezing cold tonight. Listen to that wind howl!

MEL: (HOWLS...THEN ENDS UP WITH A COUGH)

ELMER: Even the wind's got a cold! Well, I'll try this door here first -- it looks oak!

SOUND: KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How ja do, lady. I'm trying to earn some Christmas money. How would ja like to buy a nice pot of flowers fer your table.

BRAYTON: Do you sell many of these potted flowers?

ELMER: No, lady -- if you buy some you'll be the party of the first pot!

BRAYTON: Oh! -- Get out of here!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Well, I'll just keep on going. I'll find somebody with the Christmas spirit! Maybe there's somebody home here I hope, I hope, I hope!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

MEL: (SCOTCH) Good evenin' laddie! McTavish is the name!

ELMER: Oh, golly, Mr. McTavish -- how would you like to buy some Christmas flowers?

MEL: I'm afraid not, laddie. Flowers are a risky investment. Look at them carnations in the jar on the table. Ten cents for them last Easter and nothing left but sticks! But say, laddie -- would you like to step in and warm your hands!

ELMER: Yup, yup, sure -- sure. My hands feel like ice!

MEL: Okay, laddie -- sit right down at this table and we'll warm your hands in a jiffy!

ELMER: But where's the fire?

MEL: We don't need a fire! Just hold your hands up and face me.

SOUND: TWO MEN AT THE SOUND TABLE CLAP THEIR HANDS TO THE FOLLOWING RHYME



MEL: Bean porridge hot  
Bean porridge cold  
Bean porridge in the pot  
Nine days old!

MEL: Well, are your hands warm, laddie?

ELMER: Not quite! How about another game?

MEL: I'm afraid not, laddie. I'm worn out now. I've been  
doin' this since the beginnin' of the cold snap.  
Good day, laddie!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELMER: Bean porridge hot  
Bean porridge cold  
Bean porridge in the pot  
Nine days old!  
Oh gosh, that's fun! Well, I've got to sell some  
of these flowers tonight or I'll never be able to  
buy that pair of mittens for grandma!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

BRAYTON: My, what lovely flowers -- come right in -- are they  
for sale? Take off your hat. Have a chair!

ELMER: Are you kiddin'?

BRAYTON: Tell me young man -- did you raise these beautiful  
flowers yourself!

ELMER: Yep, yep -- sure, sure, and would you believe it, lady, these flowers won first prize in Pasadena at the flower-smelling contest!

BRAYTON: The flower-smelling contest?

ELMER: Yeh. The Tournament of Noses!

BRAYTON: Oh, I just adore flowers. What is more wonderful than beautiful flowers on the table?

ELMER: Meat and potatoes!

BRAYTON: Oh, you poor boy -- I'll take your flowers and give you a dollar!

ELMER: (GULPS) A dollar -- but they're not worth it!

BRAYTON: Don't be silly. We must all share at Christmas Time. Why I remember when we didn't have a nickel. Run along now and Merry Christmas!

ELMER: Gee -- Merry Christmas to you, lady!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

ELMER: Oh, golly -- what a lovely lady. Now I can buy grandma those nice warm mittens!

SOUND: WIND HOWLING

ELMER:            I'd better hurry -- the snow is falling fast!

SOUND:            WALKING IN SNOW...RUB HANDS ON RUBBER BALLOON

BOY:             Paper -- Paper -- All the latest news -- Paper --  
                  wanta buy a paper, Mister!

ELMER:            I'm in a hurry little boy. I gotta get to a store!

BOY:             Aw, come on, Mister. It's only five cents --  
                  you'll never miss it. Just one little newspaper!

ELMER:            But, you don't understand -- I --

BOY:             Please, Mister -- I'm tryin' to get enough money  
                  together to buy a present for my mother...a pair  
                  of mittens!

ELMER:            Mittens? That's just what I was gonna buy fer  
                  grandma!

BOY: Yeah -- but I bet your grandma doesn't have to walk along the railroad tracks pickin' up coal!

ELMER: I guess she doesn't at that. Okay, kid -- here's a dollar, I'll take a paper!

BOY: Gee, thanks, Mister -- but it'll be kind of hard to run to the store and get change with these burlap bags on my feet.

ELMER: (TO HIMSELF) Burlap bags? Gosh, poor kid hasn't even got any shoes. Here -- you'd better take the dollar and I'll buy all your papers!

BOY: You'll buy all my -- but Mister -- you don't have to do that!

ELMER: Don't be silly. We must all share at Christmas Time. Why, I remember when I didn't have a nickel!

BOY: When was that?

ELMER: Anytime up till five minutes ago! Here -- take the dollar and run along -- and Merry Christmas!

BOY: Gee, thanks, Mister and the same to you, I hope,  
I hope, I hope! (FADING)

ELMER: Well, I guess I'd better be gettin' on home!

SOUND: WALKING IN SNOW...MUSIC PICKS UP WITH "SILENT NIGHT"...  
FADES FOR THE SOUND OF DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOSES

MARSH: Is that you, Elmer?

ELMER: Yes, Grandma!

MARSH: Well, Son -- I see all your flowers are gone!

ELMER: Yup--- yup -- they're all gone. (SNIFFLING)

MARSH: You're sniffing, Elmer. Got a cold?

ELMER: Yup, yup -- very bad cold! Grandma -- I brought something for you!

MARSH: Well, thank you, Son!

ELMER: Do you like to read?

MARSH: I certainly do.

ELMER: Well, here's twenty newspapers! (SNIFFLES)

MARSH: Elmer -- what's wrong with you? Why, I do believe I see tears in your eyes.

ELMER: I can't help it, Grandma. I was going to get you a present and I ran into a little paper boy and --

MARSH: Why -- I understand, Son -- tell me -- what were you going to get for your old Grandma?

ELMER: A pair of mittens!

MARSH: A pair of mittens??? (FAKE LAUGH) Why, and what would your old grandmother be wantin' with a pair o' mittens?!

ELMER: To keep your hands warm!

MARSH: To keep my **hands** warm! Ha. Ha. Ha. Oh, Elmer -- you dear, dear boy -- Here -- Son -- there's only one thing I need to keep me warm -- here -- give me your hands -- that's it -- now, ready!

SOUND: TWO GUYS CLAPPING HANDS

ELMER AND  
MARSH: Bean porridge hot  
Bean porridge cold  
Bean porridge in the pot  
Nine days old!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO AL PEARCE)

AL: Friends, our guest next Friday night will be a young lady by the name of Rita Ray, from KDKA in Pittsburgh. Rita Ray has a host of friends and boosters in Pittsburgh, and I can assure them all, that we are looking forward to meeting her and hearing her sing on our program next Friday night.

WENDELL: And in the meantime, for your smoking enjoyment -- try CAMELS, the cigarette that gives you the extras! And brings you extra fun with AL PEARCE every Friday!

AL: Good night, friends...we'll be seeing you next Friday night...and in the meantime, the whole gang wishes every one of you a Merry Christmas -- good luck and best wishes. So long -- and good night!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME TO WENDELL)

WENDELL: Only three more shopping days left to get those one-pound gift tins of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco for the pipe-smokers on your list. The Prince Albert Christmas package is gay, colorful -- an eye-filling, taste-thrilling offering of the world's favorite smoking tobacco. Prince Albert is the mild, cool-burning brand. In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average of the thirty other of the largest-selling brands tested...coolest of all! So, see your dealer tomorrow for your one-pound gift tins of Prince Albert!

This is Wendell Niles...speaking.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM